MARVEL 014

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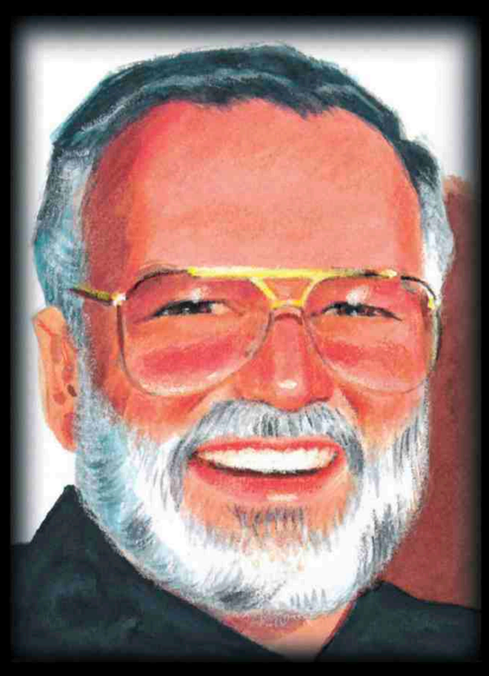
EWING
CAMAGNI
BLEE

X-MEN RED

MARVEL REMEMBERS

John Romita

1930 – 2023



Marvel mourns the passing of comic-book artist John Romita Sr., whose work on *Amazing Spider-Man* helped make the character a worldwide sensation. In his work as Marvel's art director, he designed the Punisher and Wolverine and served as mentor for countless artists during his decades-long tenure with the company.

Romita had a profound effect on everyone he met at Marvel. He was always kind and warm and served as an inspiration to all who knew him or followed his work. Romita helped build the Marvel Universe as we know it, and he will be greatly missed.

DECADES OF AMAZING WORK

John Romita wore many hats at Marvel. His most famous contribution was his run on *Amazing Spider-Man*, including the cover below for the series' landmark fiftieth issue. His association with the character included drawing the cover of the famed wedding of Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson in *Amazing Spider-Man Annual #21* and launching the Spider-Man newspaper strip with Stan Lee in 1977. Behind the scenes, Romita was responsible for designing many of Marvel's most famous characters. At bottom are Romita's costume designs for Black Widow and Wolverine.

"John Romita Sr. was an incomparable artist who brought so many iconic Marvel characters to life on the page and set the tone and look of Marvel's comics for decades. His version of Spider-Man has inspired so many of us at Marvel Studios. Our thoughts are with his family and the generations of artists and fans who fell in love with the characters he drew."

— KEVIN FEIGE

"I was recently able to fawn over some of John Romita Sr.'s original Spider-Man pages, and the word that kept popping into my mind as I marveled over his linework was 'timeless.' His style was such a departure from what had come before, which John did say made him nervous, but one that came to define the look of Peter, Spider-Man, MJ, Gwen and everyone else in their orbit. And the same was true for every Marvel character John designed, penciled and inked. Whether as anartist or art director, John's work influenced generations of comic book artists. With his passing, the comic industry loses a true legend, but just like his artwork, his legacy will remain timeless."

— C.B. CEBULSKI

"When you close your eyes and picture Spider-Man, you're probably picturing a John Romita Sr. Spider-Man. From his debut of the character in *Amazing Spider-Man #39*, the subsequent fifty issues of art, more than a hundred covers and the work he did on the newspaper strip, John defined Spidey for generations of people around the world.That would be enough for anyone else, but John was also anexcellent art director, a fantastic father, a doting grandfatherand a gentleman. All of us making Spider-Man comics, and Marvel Comics in general, work in his shadow and strive to live up to the example of the legend, Jazzy John Romita."

— NICK LOWE

"One of the highlights of my career was working with John Romita Sr. I couldn't believe that my 25-year-old self was working and interacting with him, and what made it even better was that he was so considerate and kind – something that has stuck with me ever since, among many other memories with him. It was one of the rare moments where you meet one of your heroes and he exceeds your expectations in every possible way.

His contributions to Marvel's pantheon and culture are immense, and he will be sorely missed. He was a great and kind man who truly made the world a better place. My deepest condolences to Virginia, Johnny and the Romita family."

— DAN BUCKLEY

THE FIRST ACT OF THE WAR WAS ONE OF CREATION.

GENESIS REACHED OUT WITH HER MIND, WITH HER MUTANT WEAPON, SEEKING OUT THE SECRET SLEEPING HEART OF ARAKKO PRIME.

FOR LONG MOMENTS, SHE COAXED IT LIKE A FLICKERING FLAME, INFUSING IT WITH THE ENERGY OF LIFE, IN PATTERNS REMEMBERED FROM THE HALCYON DAYS OF OKKARA.

AND WHEN HER MINISTRATIONS WERE DONE–WHEN THE ISLAND'S HEART BEAT STEADY AND STRONG–SHE WHISPERED IN ITS EAR...

...AND WOKE IT UP.

THE FIRST VICTORY IN THE WAR WAS A PROPAGANDA VICTORY. NONE WHO WERE ON THE ISLAND WOULD EVER FORGET THE MOMENT–AND THE WORD SPREAD QUICKLY.

THE LIVING ISLAND WAS ALIVE AGAIN, AND THE MOTHER OF ARAKKO WAS ONCE MORE IN THE SEAT OF VICTORY, FIRST AND LAST CONSULTED ON ALL MATTERS–FOR THE VICTORIES WOULD SURELY NEVER END.

THE STAFF IN HER HAND WHISPERED THAT IT WAS GOOD.

[fall__of]
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[FALL OF X]

X-MEN RED

ARAKKO DIVIDED

Civil War is brewing on Arrakko with it's citizens torn between Genesis' brutal survival-of-the-fittest mentality, and Storm's more recent push to think of what life could be if Arrakko embraced peace. The Great Ring has already found itself divided, and subsequently shattered after Genesis' challenge and the forced fleeing of Storm and her supporters courtesy of Lodus Logos.

To make it worse, mutantkind on earth is facing their own crisis after Orchis' devastating assault during the Hellfire Gala.

Everywhere, mutants are fighting for survival—even amongst their own kind.

1___[GENESIS]
2___[STORM]
3___[SUNSPOT]
4___[NOVA]
5___[LACTUCA]
6___[FISHER KING]
7___[LODUS LOGOS]
8___[KOBAK
___NEVER-HELD]
9___[XILO]
10__[IRONFIRE]
11__[KHORA OF THE
__BURNING HEART]

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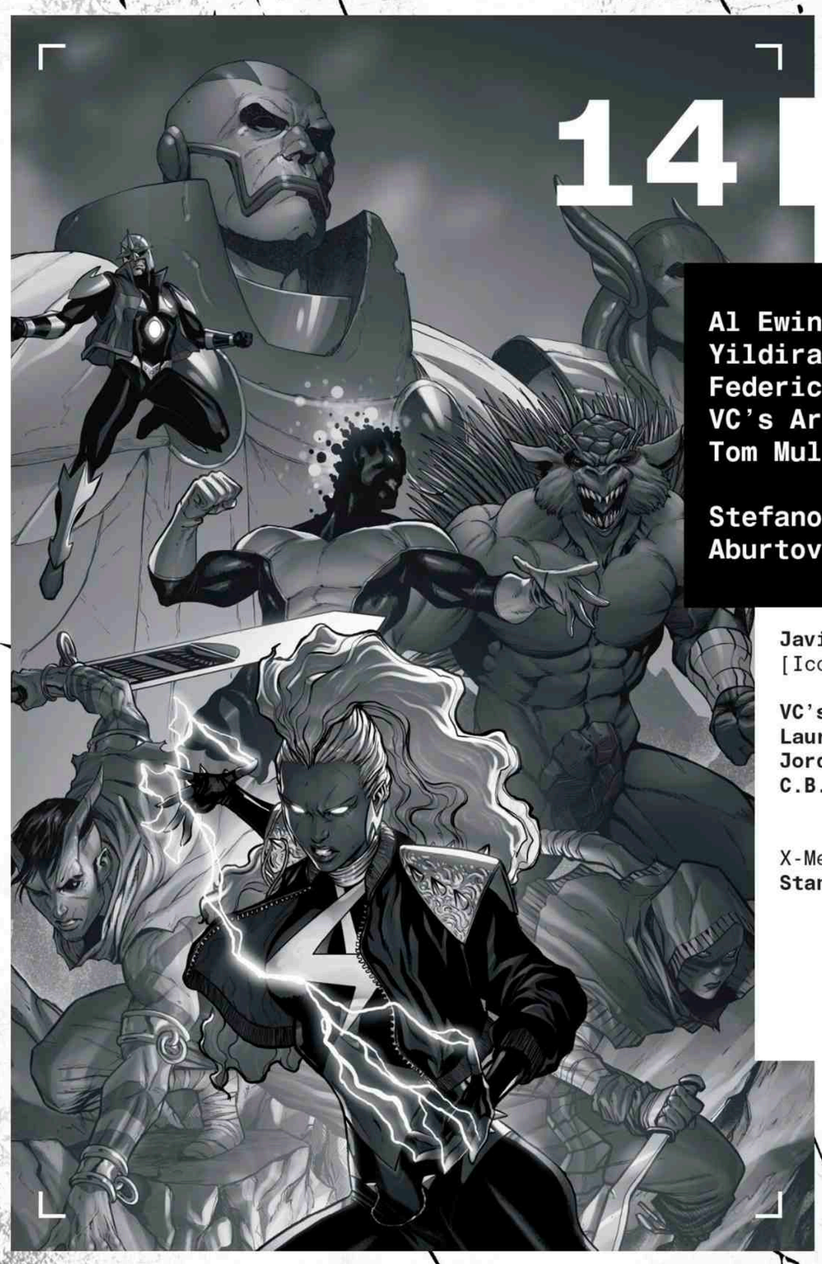

X-MEN RED

"TO WAR WE MARCH"

Al Ewing/Writer
Yildiray Çinar/Artist
Federico Blee/Color Artist
VC's Ariana Maher/Letterer
Tom Muller & Jay Bowen/Design

Stefano Caselli & Jesus Aburtov/Cover Artists

Javier Garrón & Edgar Delgado
[Icon]/Variant Cover Artists

VC's Ariana Maher/Production
Lauren Amaro/Assistant Editor
Jordan D. White/Editor
C.B. Cebulski/Editor In Chief

X-Men created by
Stan Lee & **Jack Kirby**

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AT GENESIS' SIDE– BUT NOT ON IT– *LACTUCA* WATCHED.

BY REMOVING THE REBELS TO THEIR OWN CORNER–GIVING THEM THEIR FAIR CHANCE– SHE HAD COUNTERED THE ANNIHILATION STAFF, THAT WHISPERED IN THE MIND.

THE PLANET MAINTAINED ITS ORBIT. THE STARS CONTINUED ON THEIR PATHS. THERE WAS NO FURTHER NEED FOR ACTION.

ONE SIDE WOULD WIN, ONE SIDE WOULD DIE AND LACTUCA WOULD WATCH.

CRAIG MARSHALL COULD FEEL THE WIND CHANGE.

IN THE COMMUNE, HALF HIS NEIGHBORS WERE TALKING LOUDLY ABOUT THE PAST GLORIES OF ARAKKO–THE OTHER HALF TENSE AND WATCHFUL. HE CAUGHT WORDS LIKE *WEAPONLESS* AND *HUMAN* AIMED AT HIS BACK.

PETE CORBEAU HAD MESSAGED HIM DAYS EARLIER, OFFERING A POSTING AT PORT PROMETHEUS. MAYBE IT WAS TIME TO REPLY.

SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH THE DAY'S CATCH.

IT WAS ONE OF *SOBUNAR'S*– ONE OF THE FIRST GENERATION, BORN FROM HIS VEINS. BUT THE FISH HAD BEEN SLUGGISH AND CONFUSED, ALL BUT HURLING ITSELF UPON THE SPEAR.

THE FISHER KING FEARED THE WORST.

IN THE MORROWLANDS, *EYELESS RHO* WAS SEIZED BY INSPIRATION.

EMPTYING HIS MIND, LETTING HIS BRUSH FIND THE PAINTS AND THE WALL AS IT WISHED TO, HE ALLOWED THE WORK TO SHAPE ITSELF. HIS FELLOW ARTISTS STOOD BACK, WARY, AS THE PROPHECY TOOK SHAPE.

ON OKKARA, SWORDS WERE A FORM OF ART. THE MORROWLANDERS WERE ALREADY FASHIONING THEM AGAIN.

IN *PORT PROMETHEUS*, THERE WERE RUMORS OF A SHIFT IN POWER ON EARTH, THOUGH THE DETAILS WERE SCARCE–SOMETHING AFFECTING THE MUTANTS.

AT THE LOCAL BAZAAR, BLASTER SALES WERE THROUGH THE ROOF. THE KREE/SKRULL AND SHI'AR DIGNITARIES EYED THE BARGAINS AND EACH OTHER, WONDERING WHO WOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE.

TENSIONS WERE HIGH.

IN THE *RED LAGOON*, TENSIONS WERE HIGHER.

What have you done?

Yes, I asked **Lactuca** to use her power to move us through space.

But **what choice did I have?** Genesis' staff held sway over us!

We'd **all** have submitted to her control-- or **died where we stood--**

You said there was more to life than living! Did you **lie?**

I was **challenged,** Lodus!

Challenged for my seat!

Name *one* of Arakko who has *ever* sat on the Great Ring and not defended their place on it!

You brought that shame on me! You!

Kobak!

KRK

That's *enough--*

Enough?

Ororo, it is taking *all of my restraint* not to *loose* a tide of spines that would ***tear all this to rubble!***

Tell me *why,* Lodus Logos!

Before ***Ora Serrata*** comes to give fitting punishment for the *crime of all crimes,* ***tell me why!***

Tell me why you *hate* me enough to *do this to me--*

Because I didn't want you to die!

I *care* about you. I care *for* you.

I didn't want you to die like that.

...That wasn't a haiku.

Then I have found a truth art cannot cage.

I ***wronged*** *you, Kobak.*

No...you meant no insult. If I *die*, let it not be to build *a throne on Arakko.*

I'll find a better reason than that.

Sam's dead.

Frenzy too. Dazzler, Jubilee, Prodigy...all the newly announced X-Men are dead.

Everyone at the Hellfire Gala's dead. Jean Grey's dead.

The Treehouse is burning, so Scott's dead. I think Captain America might be dead.

A lot of people are dead.

The gala was attacked? Jean is...?

The Five--are they--

Not sure. I think so. Resurrection... off the table for now.

I wasn't there--just keeping an eye on it. Planning a late entrance.

Business on Earth-- verrry secret. Don't ask.

He sounds concussed--or drunk--

Telepathic hangover. The Professor in my head, giving...orders. Planetary-evacuation orders.

I used the red triangle protocol--telepathic resistance. But it was strong.

Keep... keep thinking about gates...gates, gates, go through the gates...

Drink this.

Why would Charles--

Doesn't matter. Those *intrusive thoughts*... they won't be a problem. For ***anyone.***

All gates are ***locked*** now.

I got up here with ***Cable's*** tech--he doesn't know I have it. But then *that* stopped working, so...*he's* probably dead too.

And we don't know where the mutants who went through the gates *are.*

So *they're* all dead.

And Sam's dead.

...

Who, Roberto?

Who is responsible?

Some *other* dead people.

Named ***Orchis.***

Orchis.

Jean dead, Charles *compromised*, the Krakoan dream in *ruins*... and, at the same time, the Great Ring *splits*...

Don't tell me--***Genesis*** arrived at the meeting, and it all went to *hell*.

I was hearing scuttlebutt about *"political upheaval on Mars"* while I was down there--figured it was just *noise*--

No--nor a lucky guess. Someone wanted ***Arakko*** to fall apart at the same time as ***Krakoa***.

Orchis *orchestrated* this. They must think they can ***use*** Genesis--she'd never work *with* them...

If szzhe *did* make szzuch an allianczze-- what doeszz it ***change?*** Hiszztory is *momentum*-- and with ***Szzobunar*** at her szzide, the people will *liszzten*.

To opposzze her will mean *war*. ***Czzivil war on Arakko.***

What do we do...?

We go to war.

The New History of Arakko

Chapter MCVII

X WEEKS INTO THE WAR

At the turning point of the war, the forces and lands were arranged thus:

From **Arakko Prime**, Genesis kept her Great Ring and marshaled her forces. Ten new towers had been created, vast structures that sung of mutant power and mutant magic -- and, as before, they formed both the castle from which she ruled and her ultimate defense. From here, she commanded her legions -- for many had flocked to her banner in search of the promised glories of righteous war. Her offer to them in return for allegiance was a simple one: **they would have their chance.**

Over and over, she sent her horde into the world, to conquer and hold great swaths of the lands, on the understanding that when these advances stopped -- when they failed her -- **it would be her turn to make war.** And from her seat, first of the Great Ring, **she grew impatient.**

Her sister **Isca** had retired to the mountains -- **Olympus** and **Tharsis Montes** -- when the war threatened her solitude, she responded, and the war learned better. Rumor had it that a mutant of Earth could find sanctuary here, and that may have been true or false -- certainly none else could.

The Spire Vile held the **Locus Vile** and the similar miseries of Tarn, whose blood still stained the ground in the Circle Perilous. Their lands were both sacred and profane, and few wished to intrude upon them -- those platoons who did, it was whispered, became raw material for the Spire.

The Sea belonged to Sobunar and was Sobunar. He had not offered it, and Genesis had not yet asked.

The Stars belonged to Lactuca. The moon **Phobos** remained loyal to Earth, the orbiting **Keep** loyal to Ororo, but both could truly only watch. And out in the deep void, one by one, **the mercenaries of Arakko** heard news of the conflict and chose sides -- often bringing their fellow warriors with them on the promise of the spoils of war.

Port Promethens and the **Morrowlands** formed the locii of Ororo's power. The bulk of the Earth mutants Orchis had exiled to Arakko remained here, torn from their families, fearful and hungry in the refugee camp that had replaced the bazaar. Communal resources were scarce, expected to be shared, and the battle-scarred mutants of Arakko were not versed in giving comfort. There was little comfort anywhere -- the Red Lagoon was a war room now.

To the west, her forces held the line at the hills of **Noachis Terra**, mutant weapons of earth-shaping used to build vast walls, moats and treacherous zones of sucking sand -- a no-mutant's land.

And to the east was the **Valley of the Fallen.**

DAY SEVENTY OF THE GENESIS WAR. THE BATTLE OF THE FALLEN.

THEY SAID THAT NO WAR WOULD BE MADE IN THIS SACRED PLACE.

THEY WERE WRONG.

HOLD THE LINE!

Ground weapons to the front!

Range weapons to the rear!

Fly far, shafts of cold steel! And let your arc guide you to their skulls!

Air corps-- you're flying with me!

If we lose the sky--we lose everything!

For Arakko!

Inspiring stuff, General Nova. You sure battle cries aren't your mutant power?

And what if you're a flier, a puncher and a blaster? And also a planner?

Pick your poison, Roberto--anywhere you're needed.

This is the choke point of the Western Front. Between the Vile Lands and Tharsis Montes--the no-go zones.

If the Genesis Horde gets through here, they've got a land route straight into the Morrowlands.

And they've been planning this assault for a month or more--

Wait. On our right--that speck of light--

I see it.

Is that who I think it is?

"Orrdon, the Omega Rocket. Genesis' new Seat of Loss.

"I guess he hasn't impressed her yet."

He's no pushover. The farther he *flies*, the faster he goes, the harder he *hits*.

About a thousand K's and *closing*--he's going to plow through us like a bullet through *paper* unless I go *head him off*--

How many times? It's not all up to *you*--besides, he's coming in from the *wrong direction*.

He's flying in over ***Isca's*** territory...

Haaaahhh! Cower, Martian *water-bloods!* For I am ***Orrdon--the Living Star!***

And I am *fully* ***invulnerable while I'm blasting--***

THUKK

You knew the rules. *All of you know the rules.*

My mountains are **mine.**

There he goes. Trust *Isca* to find the vulnerability in the invulnerable.

Well, that's the only freebie we're getting *today*--

--'cause there's a lot more where *he* came from.

Every flier who bought Genesis' *line*...

They can't get past Kobak's troops on the ***ground***-- but if they get *air superiority*, they've *got* us.

Range fighters can take out some of them, but there are folks up there who can eat even ***Lodus'*** words.

So it's ***all up to us***--

No. You're on ***Arakko***, Richard.

Genesis made a *challenge to all*...

...and nobody fights alone!

STORM HAD BEEN WAYLAID ON THE WAY TO THE BATTLE-- BUT NOW SHE HAD *ARRIVED*...

...AND THERE COULD BE NO MORE QUESTION OF *AIR SUPERIORITY.*

FOR ORORO WAS THE AIR.

AND AT HER *COMMAND*--

-THE SKY ITSELF FELL TO ITS KNEES.

ORORO *COULD* HAVE TIMED HER LIGHTNING TO *CRUSH* THE ARMIES OF GENESIS. INSTEAD, SHE ONLY BLOCKED THEIR WAY.

IT WAS A SIGNAL OF HER *POWER*-- BUT ALSO, OF HER *MERCY*. SHE KNEW GENESIS WOULD *SCOFF*... CALL IT *WEAKNESS*...

...BUT WEAKNESS-- *MERCY*-WAS WHAT THE REBELS FOUGHT *FOR.*

KRAKOOM

The New History of Arakko

Chapter MCXXXIV

The war that would decide what Planet Arakko became was fought on simple principles.

On the one side, there was Ororo of the Storm, who had led, who had learned, who had stepped aside. She who had shepherded the new era of Arakko to this point, through strife and blood and hardship. In what would be remembered as the Storm Era, Arakko had grown to fit its new land and evolved to fit its new time.

Those who fought and chafed against the realities of peace were free to seek adventure in the void, spreading Arakko to the stars -- or hone their skills for those inevitable moments when the great powers of humanity drew their plans against the great power on their doorstep. But the prison years had ended at last -- and if some felt this new time held less glory than the ancient war against Annihilation and Amenth...Arakko was still free. And that was **enough.**

But on the other side, there was **Genesis.**

Who looked upon all we had gained, all we had fought for and grown into, and said, **"No."**

"No, this is not enough."

She held the Annihilation Staff in one hand, as her battle standard — her proof of the final victory over the ancient enemy. She held Purity, the Ivory Blade, in the other -- her proof that there were no enemies she could not conquer and subjugate.

And when she saw the great powers of humanity -- those same powers that had informed her of Arakko's path, hoping that she would react as she did and timing their own atrocities accordingly -- she scoffed at their great plans and bade them **wait their turn.**

For Genesis would take two planets as easily as one. She and her forces would fight on until Arakko was as she wished it to be -- and planet Earth as well.

AND THEY WOULD FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

Air forces are pulling *back*-- yielding the field. We've *won*...

Won the *day*--*for one day.*

And all it cost us was *another* piece of our history...

What history? All I see are monuments to our *sworn enemies.* I say, *let the wreckage lay in the dirt.*

It'll make a fitting ***tombstone...***

...for two ***traitors to Arakko.***

"Traitors? *Plural?*

"I wonder."

We've seen no trace of *En Sabah Nur* yet. And he's not the type to be kept in *reserve.*

He may have been the *first to fall...*

Either way--the *Mage* is not the ***true threat.***

We haven't seen his *children* yet either. Or *Blue*--or the *Hundred.*

When *they* arrive--***that's when the war starts.***

We'll see. I've danced with Death *before.*

But *whatever* happens now...it'll happen *here.* A surgical strike on ***Port Prometheus*** would cut off our *supply lines* and all contact with our *allies.*

Up until now, Genesis has *avoided* attacks by sea--her hold on ***Sobunar*** might be weaker than we think.

But with her *ground* attacks consistently beaten back, it's her only option. When she's ready, she'll send ***everything she has...***

So be it. If they try to take us here, we'll *hold them fast*--and *finish what they began.*

Arakkii have ***history*** with siege warfare...

...and our history's in our blood.

rA kOA is for all

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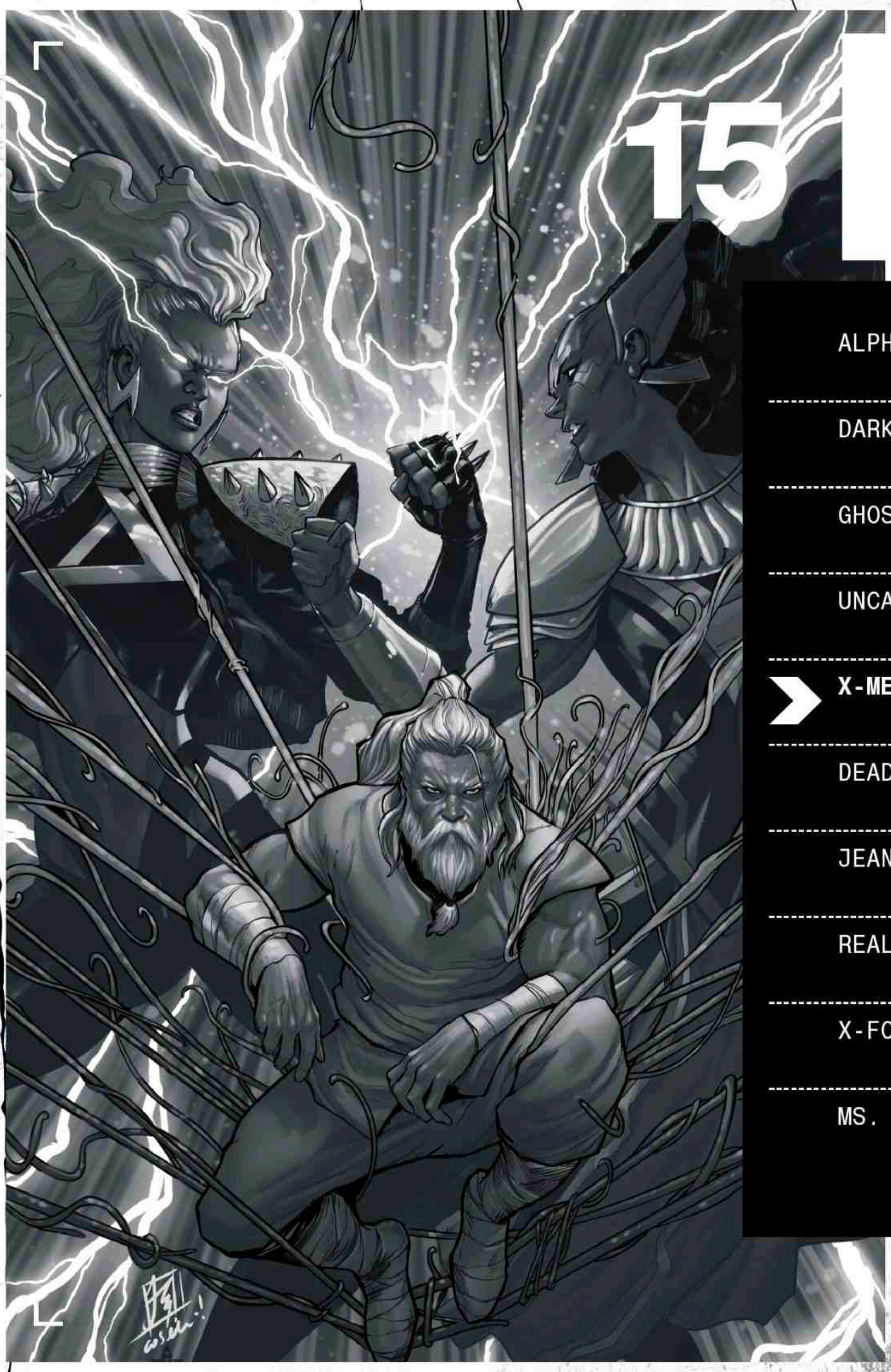
FOLLOW THE FALL:



ALPHA FLIGHT #1:

DARK X-MEN #1:

GHOST RIDER #17:

UNCANNY AVENGERS #1:

X-MEN RED #14:

DEADPOOL #10:

JEAN GREY #11:

REALM OF X #1:

X-FORCE #43:

MS. MARVEL: NEW MUTANT #1:

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[red___14]

5 YEARS EXPERIENCE

From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH